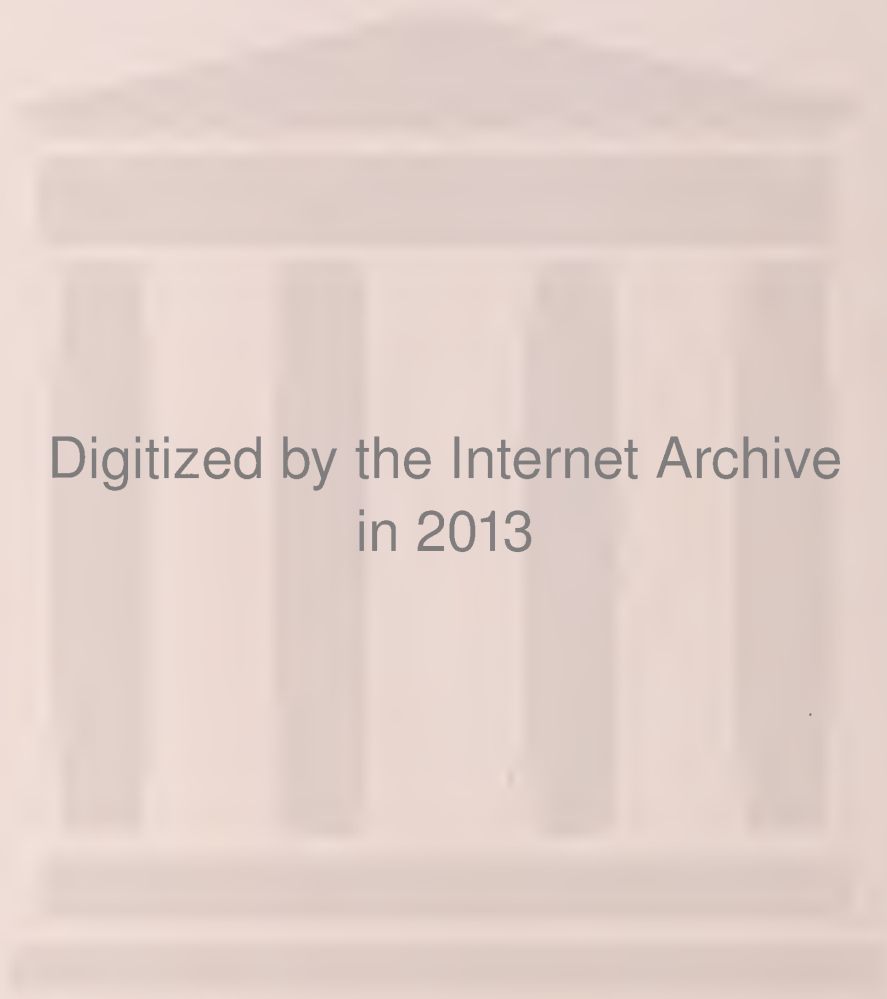


Purple and White

Echo

1947



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Foreword

SMITH ACADEMY: 1872-1947

Hail! Thou democratic school!
Thou symbol, thou true home of knowledge.
With books of glory, tantalizing glory,
And scholarship to match thy sister college.

Hail! Thou democratic school!
Thy founding, perpetual study foretold.
Through long triumphant years resound
Praise of thee from young and old.

Hail! Thou democratic school!
Thy founding true democracy did uphold.
Voices rise e'en from out the past
Chanting the joys of life thou dost unfold.

Hail! Thou democratic school!
Where knowledge hath led us ever on.
Now the future calls, but far or near,
Faithful memories shall e'er live on.

JANET ZUCHOWSKI '47



MR. CLARENCE J. LARKIN

The Smith Academy Senior Class is very happy to dedicate this Year Book to Mr. Clarence J. Larkin, who during the years he was principal of Smith Academy, won the fond admiration and respect of all his students. He was our principal, teacher, and guide for the first three years of our course, and we shall always remember him as a true friend and wise counselor. To him, we wish happiness in the new work he has undertaken.

"So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendships, high adventure, and a crown,
My heart will keep the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the best."

PURPLE AND WHITE ECHO

Issued by the Senior Class of Smith Academy

Hatfield, Massachusetts

Vol. VII

June, 1947

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The Faculty



Front Row: Mrs. Marjorie Day, Mrs. Margaret Pruzynski, Miss Mary Ryan, Mrs. Bridget O'Neill, Mrs. Florence Muller.

Back Row: Coach John Symanczyk, Principal John Jakobek, Mr. Wallace Hibbard.

* * *

JOHN C. JAKOBEK, A.B., M.S., Principal University of Massachusetts
Algebra, Chemistry, Geometry, Trigonometry

MARY E. RYAN, A.B. Smith College
Classical English, Commercial English 3-4

MARGARET E. PRUZYNSKI McCarthy's Business College
Shorthand, Typing, Business Arithmetic

FLORENCE E. MULLER, A.B. Wheaton College
Latin, French, World History

BRIDGET C. O'NEILL Bay Path Institute, Commercial College, N.Y.U.
Shorthand I, Commercial English 1-2, Business Training, Bookkeeping

MARJORIE DAY, B.S. University of Massachusetts
Household Arts Instructor

JOHN J. SYMANCYK, B.A., B.S. American International College, N.Y.U.
Biology, Science, History, Problems of Democracy

WALLACE HIBBARD University of Massachusetts, Vermont Academy
Agriculture Instructor

Year Book Staff



Front Row: Evelyn Kacinski, Bernice Buckowski, Jennie Maiewski, Margaret Vachula, Joanne Howard, Bernard Sawicki, Leonard Karpinski, John Fortsch.

Back Row: Stacia Kostek, Annette Kempisty, Lucy Szych, Stanley Kirejczyk, Dorothy Skarzinski, Helen Michalowski, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Pruzynski.

* * *

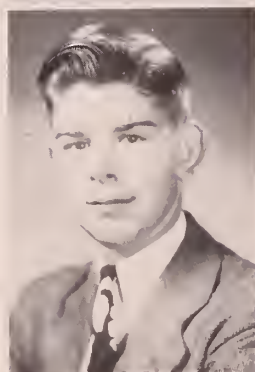
Co-Editors Jennie Maiewski, Margaret Vachula, Joanne Howard
 Associate Editors Dorothy Skarzinski, Evelyn Kacinski
 Literary Editors Annette Kempisty, Bernice Buckowski
 Typists Lucy Szych, Stacia Kostek, Helen Michalowski
 Sports Editors Stanley Kirejczyk
 Business Managers Bernard Sawicki, Leonard Karpinski, Annette Kempisty



BERNICE BUCKOWSKI

"Benny"

Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Prize Speaking 3. Thespians 2, 3, 4. Senior Play 4. Basketball 2, 3. School Paper 3, 4. Yearbook 3, 4. Secretary Student Council 4. Smith Academy Choristers 2. Comes from across the river . . . visits school very seldom . . . born to roam (Texas) . . . wants to be second Sherlock Holmes.



JOHN FORTSCH

"Fortschie"

Hatfield, Classical: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Pro Merito 3. Yearbook 2, 3. Prize Speaking 3. Soccer 3, 4. Baseball 3. Basketball 3, 4. Thespians 3, 4. Washington Trip 4. Exploding experimenter . . . class genius . . . knows what fun is, too . . . atomic-minded.



DANIEL FUSEK

"Scotch"

Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Prize Speaking 3.

Supreme mechanic . . . owns motorcycle . . . quiet boy . . . tall . . . bound to succeed.



JOANNE HOWARD

"Jo"

Hatfield, Classical: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Yearbook 2, 4. School Paper 2, 3, 4. Thespians 3, 4. Senior Play 3, 4. Washington Trip 4. Smith Academy Choristers 2.

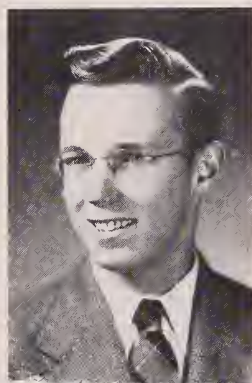
Air-minded . . . giggles . . . always asking questions . . . neat dresser . . . square dances.

LEONARD KARPINSKI

"Karpie"

Hatfield, Commercial: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Thespians 3, 4. Senior Play 3, 4. Class Vice-President 1, 3. Class President 4. School Paper 4. Yearbook 4. Washington Trip 4.

Mr. President . . . always talking . . . class pet . . . blushes easily . . . a six-footer . . . lanky.

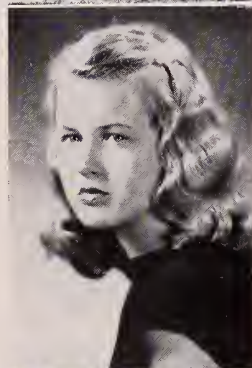


ANNETTE KEMPISTY

"Andza"

Hatfield, Classical: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Thespians 2, 3, 4. Senior Play 2, 3, 4. Vice-President Thespians 3. Basketball 3, 4. School Paper 2, 3, 4. Yearbook 3, 4. Class Secretary 2. Prize Speaking 3. Washington Trip 4.

Blondie . . . service men . . . class glamour girl . . . doesn't like to study . . . why school, anyway?

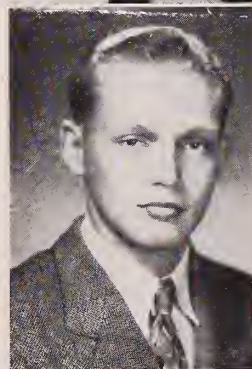


STANLEY KIERJCZYK

"Stan"

Hatfield, Classical: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Prize Speaking 3. Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. School Paper 2, 3, 4. Pro Merito 3, 4. Yearbook 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Washington Trip 4. Student Council 1, 3, 4. President Student Council 4. Class President 3. Class Treasurer 2. Pro Merito Delegate 3, 4.

Great athlete . . . has blondes on his mind . . . mathematician . . . third honor student.

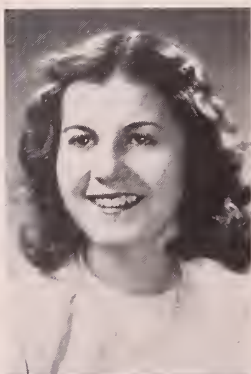


STACIA KOSTEK

"Sta"

Hatfield, Commercial: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Prize Speaking 3. Thespians 4. Senior Play 4. School Paper 4. Yearbook 4. Class Secretary 3, 4. Pro Merito 3, 4. Washington Trip 4. D.A.R. Pilgrim 4. Helpful . . . full of fun . . . nice to be with . . . Ray.





IRENE KRAULIS

"Renie"

Hatfield, Commercial: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Prize Speaking 3. Thespians 4. Smith Academy Choristers 2.

Tee Hee . . . giggles . . . eats enough to feed an army . . . shortie . . . Brooklyn . . . she and "Helen" . . . great comedienne.



JENNIE MAIEWSKI

"Jennie"

Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Pro Merito 3, 4. School Paper 3, 4. Yearbook 3, 4. Pro Merito Delegate 3, 4. Valedictorian.

Reserved . . . makes great pair with "Cookie" . . . loves to read . . . interested in world affairs.



HELEN MICHALOWSKI

"Helcha"

Hatfield, Commercial: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Smith Academy Choristers 2. Thespians 4. Basketball 1, 2. Softball 1. School Paper 2, 3, 4. Yearbook 4. Stage Properties 1, 2.

"Renie's" partner in hysterics . . . great fun-lover . . . never a dull moment when she's around . . . lover of gum . . . "Calvin"? ? ?



GERTRUDE PETRIKOSKI

"Gertie"

Hatfield, Commercial: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. President of "Cooking Club" 1. Washington Trip 4.

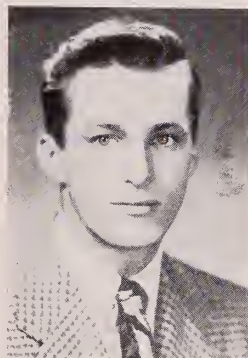
Has lots to say . . . goes steady . . . South Deerfield . . . giggles . . . had a great time in Washington.

BERNARD SAWICKI

"Bernie"

Hatfield, Classical: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Thespians 2, 3, 4. Senior Play 2, 3, 4. Pro Merito 3, 4. Pro Merito Delegate 3, 4. Pro Merito Vice-President 4. School Paper 3, 4. Yearbook. Class President 1. Prize Speaking 3. Dramatic Club President 3, 4. Washington Trip 4.

Hopkins enthusiast . . . practical joker . . . excellent manager . . . fun-lover at heart . . . Salutatorian.



LUCILLE SZYCH

"Lucy"

Hatfield, Commercial: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Yearbook 4. Thespians 4. Senior Play 4. School Paper 3, 4. Basketball 4. Smith Academy Choristers 2. Future secretary . . . quiet girl? ? ? has sworn off all men? ? . . . baby sitter . . . "Calvin . . . MIKE.



MARGARET VACHULA

"Peep"

North Hatfield, Classical: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Pro Merito 3. Class Treasurer 1, 3, 4. Student Council 2, 3, 4. Vice-President Student Council 4. Class President 2. Thespians 3, 4. Senior Play 3, 4. Vice-President Thespians 4. Manager Girls' Basketball Team 4. Prize Speaking 3. Yearbook 3, 4. School Paper 1, 2, 3, 4. Smith Academy Choristers 3.

Benny's pal . . . leader . . . heart in North Hadley . . . great dare-devil.

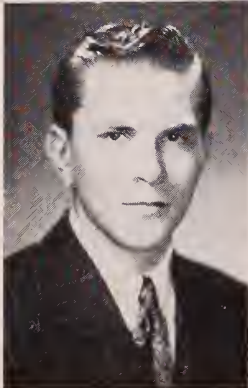


ALEX WIDELO

"Kabola"

Hatfield, Commercial: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4. Thespians 3, 4. Senior Play 3, 4. Manager, Baseball 3. Assistant Manager Basketball 3, 4. Assistant Manager Soccer 3. Soccer 3, 4. Prize Speaking 3. Class Vice-President 4.

Loud!!! but handsome . . . likes sports . . . loves to tease the girls.





JANET ZUCHOWSKI

"Cookie"

Hatfield, General: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4.
 School Paper 1, 3, 4. Thespians 4.

Quiet . . . minds her own business . . . nice to talk to
 . . . men don't bother her???

Ex-Seniors

MARGARET WENTZEL

CARL RAFFA

WALTER KUCHYT

ROBERT CUTTER

VALERIA MATUSIEWICZ

MYRON SIKORSKI

GERTRUDE ZEMBISKI

ARTHUR PROULX

PAULINE ZAPKA

JAMES McGRATH

EDWARD SZEWCZYK

RICHARD LABBEE

YOLANDA CUNNINGHAM

CATHERINE SMITH

EDWARD VACHULA

Class History

When we came to Smith Academy as freshmen we were scared to death because we thought we would get pushed around. But our fears proved unnecessary for upper classmates were most tolerant, we found out. We elected the following officers: Bernard Sawicki, president; Leonard Karpinski, vice-president; Walter Kuchyt, secretary; Margaret Vachula, treasurer. Mr. Bart and Mrs. Muller were our class advisors. We were honored at a freshman reception given by the junior class and we all had a wonderful time. Nothing too exciting happened in our freshman year. We managed to struggle along with our new subjects, and at the same time support the waste paper drives, buy war-saving stamps, and engage in other war-time activities that needed our support. It was in that year, too, we saw several British war films shown in the assembly and learned how civilians were fighting the incendiary bombs in their own homes.

As sophomores, we elected the following officers: Margaret Vachula, president; Edward Vachula, vice-president; Annette Kempisty, secretary; and Stanley Kirejczyk, treasurer. Our class advisors were Miss Connelly and Mr. Larkin. Our first class activity was a Halloween party which was considered a success by all. This was also a war-year, and our activities were similar to those of our first year. On May 8, during spring vacation, came V-E Day—the end of the war in Europe. We came back for the closing weeks of school cheered by this fact, and hopeful for an early V-J Day.

When we came back to S. A. as juniors in September of 1945 hostilities had ceased—V-J Day was August 14. Thus we began our first school year held in a peace-time atmosphere. On Friday, September 13, we elected the following officers: president, Stanley Kirejczyk; vice-president, Leonard Karpinski; secretary, Stacia Kostek; and treasurer, Arthur Proulx. Our class advisors were Mrs. O'Neill and Mr. Syman-

cyk.. Stanley Kirejczyk and Margaret Vachula were our representatives for the Student Council. For the party at which we initiated the freshmen, the following people served on the initiation committee: Bernice Buckowski, Leonard Karpinski, Annette Kempisty, Helen Michalowski, and John Fortsch. Margaret Vachula, Jennie Maiewski, Stacia Kostek, Bernard Sawicki, Stanley Kirejczyk, and John Fortsch became members of the Junior Pro Merito. In May, the annual prize speaking contest was held; Bernice Buckowski and John Fortsch received first prize, and Annette Kempisty and Stanley Kirejczyk received second. Other members who spoke were Irene Kraulis, Margaret Vachula, Stacia Kostek, Alex Widelo, Bernard Sawicki, and Daniel Fusek. At the close of the year, Annette Kempisty and Margaret Vachula were picked as two members of the Queen's Court at the Prom.

In September of 1946 we all came back excited because we were seniors, and we would be out in June. The following people were elected as officers: Leonard Karpinski, president; Alex Widelo, vice-president; Stacia Kostek, secretary; and Margaret Vachula, treasurer. Our class adviser was Miss Ryan. Jennie Maiewski, Stacia Kostek, Bernard Sawicki, and Stanley Kirejczyk remained as Senior Pro Meritos. Stanley Kirejczyk was the all-around athlete from our class playing in three sports. Many of the Seniors participated in the play "Dangerous Ladies." The most exciting event of the year was our Washington Trip, which came in April. Only eight members went on this trip, but they reported a wonderful time. We sponsored a couple of Square Dances that proved to be quite successful.

In May the honor students were announced: Jennie Maiewski, valedictorian; Bernard Sawicki, salutatorian; and Stanley Kirejczyk, third honor student. This completes our four years at S. A., so farewell, classmates, and best of luck to you all.

STACIA KOSTEK

Class Night Program

Wednesday, June 18, 1947

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

LEONARD KARPINSKI, Class President

CLASS STATISTICS

STACIA KOSTEK, HELEN MICHALOWSKI, LUCY SZYCH

CLASS PROPHECY

JOANNE HOWARD

ANNETTE KEMPISTY

JOHN FORTSCH

DANIEL FUSEK

SELECTION

Girls' Glee Club

"The Lass With the Delicate Air"

English Air

CLASS GIFTS

IRENE KRAULIS

JENNIE MAIEWSKI

GERTRUDE PETRIKOSKI

JANET ZUCHOWSKI

CLASS WILL

BERNICE BUCKOWSKI, BERNARD SAWICKI,

MARGARET VACHULA

PIANO DUET

"Victor Herbert Favorites"

MARY BELDEN

DOROTHEA FORTSCH

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES

STANLEY KIREJCZYK

PRESENTATION OF GIFT TO SCHOOL

ALEX WIDELo

ACCEPTANCE OF GIFT

CHARLES LABBEE, Junior Class President

CLASS SONG

Senior Class

"Commencement"

SCHOOL SONG

Address of Welcome

We, the class of '47, bid you, our parents, teachers, friends and schoolmates, a most hearty welcome to this exercise, which marks another milestone in the lives of us graduates. Now that the long-awaited day has come, we look back over the days that we have spent in school. We realize that in completing our high school course we have achieved a stepping stone toward the future. We know that the education we have received here will serve us well in the years to come. We shall always remember that

our first two years in Smith Academy were war years; and we are grateful, today, to be graduating in a peace-time year. We want to express gratitude to our parents for the opportunity we have had, and to the faculty for having assisted us during the four years that we have spent in Smith Academy. As we open these exercises it gives me great pleasure, in behalf of the class of '47, to bid you all a hearty WELCOME!

LEONARD KARPINSKI

Class Statistics

Stacia Kostek, the D. A. R. student of our class

In studies never came last.

In bookkeeping she always rated an A,

She was Pro Merito, a prize speaker and took part in the play

Dining at Toto's with her favorite date,

You'll find Stacia entering Saturday night at eight.

John Fortsch, a chemist would like to be,

A prize winning speaker, and stage technician was he.

In chemistry he always did his experiments well

As manager of the basketball team he did excel.

As a trumpet player, he sure knows how to blow,

He joined the union to make more dough.

Bernard Sawicki, tall, dark-haired lad is he,

An actor is what he plans to be.

In our school plays he has shown great skill,

And as a public speaker he fills the bill.

Good marks put him in the Pro Merito class,

And made him salutatorian, second honors of our class.

Leonard Karpinski, the Romeo of our class,

Has an eye on a certain Junior lass,

"Bookkeeping's my favorite subject," he'd always say

But when a test came, we'd find Lenny absent that day!

As president of our class he let us each have our say

As an actor he did well in the senior play

And we all know he is quite a friend to Jay.

Helen Michalowski, the busy girl at Terry's,

Stands behind the counter and flirts with all the Jerrys.

She waits every morning for that certain letter,

Because with it she certainly feels better.

In shorthand and as typist for the school paper, she did excel,

But about U. S. History, Helen just loves to tell.

Gertrude Petrikoski, who has beautiful blonde hair,
In the future plans to be a millionaire.
She's always seen in a blue sedan car,
With Charlie, she's recognized from afar.
In typing and bookkeeping she had great skill
The Washington trip she thought was a thrill.

Jennie Maiewski, our Elm Street lass,
Rated A's in every class,
Our valedictorian she did become,
But at Mt. Park with Nuka she has fun.
As editor of the school paper she did her part,
She and Janet are never seen apart.

Danny Fusek, the tallest of all of us,
Is never seen riding a bus.
For his motorcycle will take him afar,
But to see that certain girl he takes his car.
As a public speaker he talked with great ease,
And between classes, the girls he found time to tease.

Lucy Szych, the dark-haired girl of our class,
Has quite an interest in Hadley, Mass.
On Monday morning she complains of a headache,
Was it Mike that kept her out Sunday night so late?
She likes to type and did her shorthand well,
On the basketball team and in the play she did excel

This Valley Street girl, known to us as Benny,
Is usually seen with her friend Rennie.
From across the river she came full of joy,
Leaving Hadley, she said, "Boy! Oh, Boy!"
In prize speaking and the play, well did she do her part,
from S. A. Bernice Buchowski hates to depart.

Joanne Howard, so sweet and petite is she,
In Burgy is where she'd like to be.
English is a subject she studied so hard,
But she always found time to write Roger a card.
As Myra in the play she made a hit,
As editor-in-chief she did quite a bit.
She's seen at the square dance every Saturday night
To Corky's music she dances with delight.

Annette Kempisty, who hails from N. Main Street
Thinks a certain Freddie is quite sweet.
Basketball and science to her were really thrilling.
Chemistry and problems are what she calls killing.
As a Thespian and prize speaker she did very well
Coming back from Washington, she had much to tell.

Janet Zuchowski, our class model
To Hollywood will certainly toddle.
She'll miss Corky and the South Deerfield gang at the dances,
But from those charming actors will get more glances.
In S. A. with a needle she sewed many a dress,
And to class she'd go, the teacher she would try to impress.

Our tall and handsome senior lad,
Leaving S. A. he is so very sad.
When you hear laughter, you know he's around,
It's Alex Widelo in the typing room to be found.
In problems he always did his best,
And worst of all were those English tests.
As public speaker and as butler in the play,
His work will be remembered for many a day.

Who's the girl that thinks Hadley is tops,
When Bob is mentioned her heart just stops.
Why it's Peggy Vachula, our class treasurer,
Who takes her work at S. A. with great pleasure.
As manager of the basketball team she kept her books straight,
In English class, Peggy liked to debate.
She was one of the "Dangerous Ladies" in the play,
All in all, she has been a busy girl, we'd say.

This blonde third honor student of our class,
On the basketball floor, he sure was fast.
When he's alone he looks rather quiet,
With a gang he's quite a riot.
As President of our Junior class he did his stuff,
It's Stanley Kirejczyk—have we said enough!

Our glamorous shorty, and peppiest classmate,
To bookkeeping always trotted in late.
Polish dances, here and there, are her greatest joy,
At White Eagle you'll find her flirting with that drumming boy.
As a public speaker she has done very well,
It's Irene Kraulis whose giggle from afar one can always tell.

HELEN MICHALOWSKI
STACIA KOSTEK
LUCY SZYCH

Class Prophecy

Dear Classmates:

The other day, while passing through Shutesbury, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Kirejczyk walking along the Bentley Parkway. They look like the typical American family, children and all. He is employed by the Jay Engineering Co., mining Stupium, which you know propels the new cars which not only go backwards and forward, but also sideways. Stanley is getting slightly grey-haired, and the reason is that family life is getting the best of him. Stanley also believes that the housing shortage is still acute, for he has to spend so much time in the DOGHOUSE!

* * * * *

Last week I met one of my former schoolmates, Annette Kempisty. We all know that Annette has always had a keen interest in dancing. She is now employed by the Higby Huxley Dancing School of New York. We have heard that she is going to be the bride of Mr. Huxley. They expect to go on a world tour after their marriage and especially to visit some of the Parisian dance halls to pick up a few tips. They are going to make the trip in a new FORTO-MILE-EATER rocket Ship, Annette says that she likes to manipulate the rocket ship, for there are no telephone poles or trees to be moving in the skyways.

* * * * *

Leonard Karpinski is the only member of our class who is a politician. Our distinguished classmate is the governor of Kentucky. He received some valuable experience for this work while he was a student in Smith Academy, for he was always one of the administrators of our class, but he finds it very hard dealing with the backwoodsmen of Kentucky because the only law that they know is, "Do what we want or you'll get sluggish." He has the whole state militia as his body guards, for he is trying to educate and reform the ignorant backwoodsmen. He has been elected for a three-year term, and after that period he is sure that he will be run out of the state, if not the country, because of the reaction

to his manner of conducting his reforms. We all wish Leonard the best of luck and we are sure that he will need it.

* * * * *

You have all undoubtedly seen The Moderne Fashion Shop on Fifth Avenue. The lucky owner and proprietor is Miss Jennie Maiewski. Jennie is using all the skill and knowledge that she attained at Smith Academy, in operating her business so successfully. She has ten fashion designers working for her, and her business is steadily improving. One of the reasons that her business is such a success is that fashions change weekly instead of yearly, as they did in '47. Miss Maiewski is living the life of a queen, for she owns a large new home in Long Island. Her new home is made of the new Fortsch-perfected plastic that changes from clear in the day time to dark brown in the evening.

* * * * *

By the way, last week I was in New York when a peculiar thing happened. As I was standing on the platform, the New York Bus pulled up with a jerk. I boarded the bus, glanced at the driver, and to my surprise, who was driving it but Rene Kraulis! Still, with these new Fusek Model Busses featuring the "Scotch" Gear Shift which makes the car shiftless, ANYONE can drive. As the bus became more crowded, her sweet feminine voice came floating down the aisle, "Corner of Toid and Toidytoid, all joiks out!"

Saying good-by to Irene Kraulis, I got off at the next stop, which was Jo Howard Field. As I entered the ticket office and administration building of the Howard Flying Service, the first thing I noticed was a large sign which read, "Howard Flying Service, Joanne Howard, Manager." When I saw the name Joanne Howard, I wondered whether this was the same Howard that had graduated from S. A. in 1947. Curiosity got the better of me, so I knocked on the large, oak door of the office. Presently I heard a familiar voice say, "Come in." Sure enough, it was Joanne Howard. Miss Howard started out in '47 as a stewardess

for the Pan-American Airways, but decided that she would rather be in business for herself. As a result, she now owns Howard Field and one hundred and fifty planes.

When I looked out of the window of the office I noticed that the plane for Hatfield was getting ready to leave, so I had to conclude my chat with Joanne Howard, a classmate in '47 at Smith Academy.

* * * * *

Empire State Building
New York City
June 15, 1957

Dear Classmates:

I received your invitation to the class reunion today and am happy to announce that I will attend. I will arrive on the 10:30 train at the Hatfield Station.

I shall leave my photography shop in the care of my five able assistants, who are now busily engaged with the photos of students on their class trips. Do you recollect our class trip, when I took three good pictures from two rolls of film? Well! I have improved, and now get five good pictures from two rolls of film.

Be seeing you soon,

Bernard Sawicki.

* * * * *

Fenway Park
Boston Red Sox
June 14, 1957

Dear Chairman:

With deepest regret I inform you that I will not be able to attend the reunion of the class of '47. As you probably know, I am busily engaged in my position as right fielder for the Red Sox.

Tell my classmates that they are cordially invited to be guests of my wife and me at my summer home on Martha's Vineyard during the week of June 25.

Yours truly,

Alexander "Cupie" Widelo.

* * * * *

New York Tribune June 7, 1957

Flash—Famous Woman Detective Breaks Up Deadliest Spy Ring In History.

"At twelve o'clock last night along the New York waterfront a submarine was

waiting. Out of the dark alley came four men ready to shoot at anything. Then, out of nowhere a woman's voice yelled, "Halt, or we'll shoot!" The spies found themselves surrounded by the police, headed by Bernice Buckowski." . . . It goes on to say, "Miss Buckowski, in her gun battle with the leader of the saboteurs, the much heard of Hawknose Kerchkilloff, was seriously wounded. She is now confined to the "Curlup and Dye" hospital on Zombie Boulevard, New York City, N. Y." . . . That means she certainly won't be here at the reunion. We must send her a card.

* * * * *

Hey, Fortschie and Annette, did you hear about Dan Fusek winning the motorcycle race at the Nutsville Speedway last week? I also heard that he had invented a new kind of motorcycle which has a speed of 150 miles an hour. This is a big difference from the time when he first learned to ride a motorbike, and tried to put it in reverse. Those were the days, huh, Dan?

* * * * *

Here's a letter from Helen Michalowski Thibault. Did you know that her husband is the new swoon king of the teen-agers? He is on a tour now and Helen says here that she plans to attend the reunion. Oh, listen to this! She's got a helicopter and will land right on the roof of the Waldorf! Happy landing, Helen.

* * * * *

Park Avenue
New York City

Dear Classmates:

Just a few words to say I'm sorry that I won't be able to come to the reunion June 19. I know you will think it strange, my being in New York and not coming, but it is quite impossible. You see, my two daughters, Lucy I and Lucy II, my son Lucien and I are making our debut at Carnegie Hall the very night of the reunion. Lucy I, who is nine years old, plays the piano and she really does a wonderful job. Lucy II, just eight years old, plays the violin; and Lucien, who is five, does a nice job on the bass fiddle. Of course you know that I am going to sing. I have another son, Mike Jr.,

who much against my will insists upon mastering the harmonica instead of the harp. The twins, Maggie and Trudy, who are just two years old, I know will be musically inclined just as I am, for already they are humming little tunes.

You must come down and visit us some time, for you have never met my husband Mike, have you? My friends all say that only Mike Jr. takes after his father, for he certainly isn't a bit interested in music.

Please come any time.

Your classmate,
Lucille.

* * * * *

Joanne, you remember Jack Fortsch, that scientific genius who was in our class? If you recall, when we were about juniors in high school he used to experiment with a chemistry set, doing quite a job on his fingers. At least, he told everyone he was only experimenting with his set. But yesterday I came upon the most interesting article about him. He was one of the men who was on the committee working on the atomb bomb eleven years ago. And his poor, poor family! Jack finally succeeded in making a rocket ship, which incidentally he has named the S. A. So, with the aid of this new ship, he has made numerous trips to the moon and—of all things—has built his new home there! And speaking of a scientific way of thinking, he refers to his children as his "five little elements." And the names they have: Arsenic, Atom Manganese, Uranium, Europeum, Chlorine! Wonder where Atom comes in?

* * * * *

Janets Hills
Janetsville, Hollywood

Dear Friends:

I'm so truly, truly sorry, but I'm afraid it'll be quite impossible for me to come to the reunion. It's so truly, truly exciting, for today is my wedding day! The lucky man is Peter Lorre, my dancing partner. Darling Peter insists on adopting the most darling children you've ever seen. I think their names are the Katzinjamer Kids. They're such two darling boys. Absolute Angels!

I suppose you've heard that Beverly Hills has been renamed. They insist on naming them after me, so now It's Janets Hills, Janetsville, Hollywood. Bother, bother to have such great fame!

I must be closing now, for I'm truly, truly such a busy little girl.

Always,

Janet Zuchowski Lorre.

* * * * *

I will read you this letter from Gertie Petrikoski. I believe that she's married now.

Oh, yes!

Dear Classmates:

I am planning to attend the reunion at the Waldorf, June 19th.

My daughter Annie and I are modeling for the Hics Model Agency here in Hicsville. Charlie Jr. is taking over the tobacco ranch in South Deerfield, Massachusetts, while my husband is visiting in the South Seas Islands. I go under the name of Blondie June Glamourette while modeling.

I can't wait to see you all at the reunion.

Sincerely,

Gertrude Petrikoski Bohonowicz.

* * * * *

River Drive
Hadley, Mass.

Dear Friends:

Only a few lines about our reunion. I hope you'll all forgive me for not coming, but I know you'll understand. I must stay home and help my hubbie pick asparagus, apples and strawberries. Also, there is simply no one to work in that darn old post office. And why does Junior always have hallucinations when there is so much work to be done? Oh yes, I didn't tell you that we have a daughter Roberta, Jr., named after her father. I knew we should have named her after me, for then she might have taken after me in all her ways, instead of her father. It would help so much. Of course, I can't put all the blame of spoiling our daughter on my husband, for I certainly didn't help in bringing her up to be a good little girl. My husband is trying to make this up to me now by getting me a nurse, but I simply refuse to have

a stranger bringing up my daughter.

All of you must be simply bored listening to my troubles, so I'll close now hoping that you will come down to visit us sometime. Please call or write before you come, for I might be out picking apples or strawberries and might miss you. Have a good time at the reunion.

Your classmate,
Peggy.

* * * * *

Flatbush Avenue,
Hicksticks. Tenn.

Dear Fellow Class Members:

I received your kind invitation and was exceedingly overjoyed. Although the "via mule" mail is rather slow here, I received

your special delivery air mail-collected letter in good time—two short months.

My school's enrollment is rapidly increasing from last year's three up to a big five! Intellectual desires are rising too. From ancient Slang, to Moderne Slang, a streamlined-'57 hog-call, a new "moonshine" system which even the revenuers can't locate, and of course—a revised crossticker course in Bookkeeping.

I shall depart for New York City in my Atom Whizzer buggy, and be with you in time for the reunion.

Stacia.

ANNETTE KEMPISTY
JOANNE HOWARD
DANIEL FUSEK
JOHN FORTSCH

Class Will

Be it remembered (as if we could be forgotten) that we, the Class of '47 of Smith Academy in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainties of this life, do make this our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made. (Will all the Wills in the house please leave?)

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges—graduation, that is—we bequeath and devise as follows:

Gertrude Petrikoski—leaves her "now-needless" bus tickets to Deerfield to Irene Maciorowski, who seems to have interests there. P.S. "Rocket" tickets to Hadley are now being sought by Gertie.

Daniel Fusek—leaves a half pint bottle of kickapoo juice to Martin Holich, in order to run his jet-propelled motorcycle, while Danny is busy on the planet Venus, filling a mechanic's vacancy.

Janet Zuchowski—leaves her sister Frances her flirtatious smile and exclusive technique of meeting so-o-o many boys during one Saturday night Square Dance.

Stanley Kirejczyk—leaves Carole Howard all his chemistry and French papers, so

that she can spend her evenings with him instead of pondering over books. (We are all sure that Carole will take great advantage of this opportunity.)

Margaret Vachula—leaves to the next chemistry class a one-hundred-pound bag of sodium chloride—salt to you—in payment for the apparatus that she so mysteriously demolished during experiment periods. (A one-pound box is the usual fee for breaking lab equipment.)

Bernice Buckowski—leaves to Charles Labbee all her fatal excuses for being absent, so that Coggy can better them and succeed more often in having his excuses accepted.

Leonard Karpinski—Lenny bequeaths to his beloved brother Richard, his position as president of the class, and a most-needed photographer for class pictures to be taken, so there will be no question about where to go.

Lucy Szych—leaves to Esther Carter her typing skills and the Royal typewriter located in Row 1, Seat 3, so Esther can do as well as Lou did on a good typewriter.

Joanne Howard—leaves to her friend, Virginia Yarrows, all the fun and excite-

ment of being popular at the Square Dances with those Burgy Hillbillys. We hope, Virginia, that you will take very good care of them, as Jo did.

Annette Kempisty—bequeaths to Ethel Omasta the joy of being called a "Blonde Bombshell" by everyone; not only at school, but also by those laddies at the Square Dances.

Stacia Kostek—leaves to Laura Pelc, a demure, quiet Junior lass, the expectation for the thrills of going on the Washington trip and having a wonderful time. Only one bit of advice, Laura, don't decide to not like studying when you come back.

Alex Widelo—leaves to his brother Bobby the gun used in "Dangerous Ladies," which had trouble going off. We hope that when Bobby uses it, the gun will prove to be more successful.

Irene Kraulis—leaves to Nancy Holly all the candy bars, icebergs, apples and all-day suckers she could not eat while at Smith Academy, in the hope that Nancy will finish them. We hope over-eating will not affect Nancy too much.

John Fortsch—thankfully gets rid of his most combustible chemistry set, leaving it to anyone who is tired of living. May the recipient rest in peace!

Helen Michalowski—graciously donates her cute giggle to Janet Vollinger, so that Janet can cheer up and be as happy as Helen always is.

Jennie Maiewski—leaves to Dorothy Skarzynski all the worries and troubles of getting school paper and yearbook material collected on time. We feel sure that Dorothy will carry on as well as Jennie managed.

Bernard Sawicki—leaves all the addresses of his fellow stamp collectors all over the world to the sophomore girls, so that they need have no fear of running short of pen pals.

Principal Jakobek—We of the Senior Class think we'd like to leave our worthy principal, in appreciation of his endeavors during the past nine months, a new Z-13 speedboat, fully equipped with heater and radio, to insure comfort, so that he can use

the Connecticut River as a short cut to S. A., since his "Plymouth is on the verge of collapse, and won't be able to endure those long trips all the way from Hadley to Hatfield for the next school year.

To Mrs. Pruzynski—Since you have been having trouble with your car, Mrs. Pruzynski, we have for you a super muffler, guaranteed to last forever. Now the students will not be able to hear you come down the street.

Mrs. Muller—To Mrs. Muller we bequeath a special hand-bag radar set, to aid her in locating the future French and Latin A.W.O.L.'S.

Mrs. Day—To Mrs. Day, our Home Economics teacher, we leave a robot-controlled helicopter to replace her slightly dilapidated limousine. It appears to be undergoing SUCH a heavy strain when filled with S. A. girls that one is forced to look twice at SUCH SUCHNESS.

Mrs. O'Neill—To Mrs. O'Neill we leave a carton of freshly concocted bubble gum, which is guaranteed to produce extra-large bubbles. Now Mrs. O'Neill can keep in rhythm with the next Junior's "Chewing—Blowing Club."

The French 3 class leaves **Mrs. Muller** a "hot-off-the-press" edition of the hair-saving "Frentogengloskijapolia-English" book, in order that she may translate that newly-discovered language used by her French and Latin psycho-cases.

Mr. Symancyk—to Mr. Symancyk we leave a more intelligent Problems class, so that when he is talking about J. Edgar Hoover no one will be of the opinion that the subject of the day is Dick Tracy's latest escapade.

Miss Ryan—to Miss Ryan, our patient home room teacher, we leave a new senior class with the hope that she does not get as many gray hairs from the new class as she did from us.

To the Faculty as a whole we leave a life supply of assorted colors of boot polish to patch up those whitened streaks of hair. Is it possible that we innocent ones have hastened the work of old Mother Nature?

To the Freshman Class we leave a seven-cent bank account. We wish to have them financially supplied before they become Seniors.

Sophomores—We leave to the sophomore class all the headaches of public speaking, the jitters of prize speaking night, and the relief when it's all over. May they survive as well as we, when we spoke.

To the Junior Class—We of the Senior Class leave our successors nothing but ad-

vice to study hard and to try to graduate without too much trouble a procedure which we Seniors wish we had followed.

We hereunto set our hand and seal to this Testament, this eighteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-seven.

MARGARET VACHULA
BERNICE BUCKOWSKI
BERNARD SAWICKI

Class Gifts

BERNICE BUCHOWSKI—We feel sure that in the future Bernice will be a very successful police-woman. Just so that you will be able to handle those outlaws, Bernice, we are giving you this gun, so that you can practice upon your target shooting and always be prepared. Lord have mercy on the outlaws!

JOHN FORTSCH—When we needed help to present a movie we called for "Fortschie." When we wanted someone to set up the microphone, we called for "Fortschie"; and when we needed a chauffeur to take us out-of-town trips, we called for Fortschie". Therefore, for his generous service to Smith Academy, we make our first down payment of one cent for "Fortschi"—all we have left in the treasury—and an I.O.U. to cover the balance.

DAN FUSEK—As we all know, Dan has a very keen interest in the mechanisms of a car, so to aid him along the road to success, we have this little tool kit, which contains a file, a saw, a club, and a bottle of Kilroy Nitric Acid!

ANNETTE KEMPISTY and JOANNE HOWARD—To both Annette and Joanne, who, on the Washington trip, were caught star-gazing into the eyes of three Spaniards, we present Spanish vocabulary books. I'm sure these books will come in handy for their future correspondence. South America, take it away!

LEONARD KARPINSKI—To Lenny we are giving a jar of cold cream. Don't you remember how, on our class trip, poor

Lenny had such trouble with chapped lips? And how he kept knocking on the girls' doors at night, asking for some cold cream? Now, Lenny, you won't have to bother any one for cold cream—here's some all your own.

STANLEY KIERJCZYK—To Stanley, we proudly present this bottle of Jergen's lotion, so that his hands will be smooth and soft whenever he holds hands in the moonlight with a certain girl.

STACIA KOSTEK—Stacia has proved to us that she is a secretary supreme. But in case you should make a mistake in your business career, here is a bottle of ink eradicator. However, we hope you don't have to resort to it too often.

IRENE KRAULIS—We give our petite Rene these Adler Elevated Shoes. Now, when she goes dancing, these shoes will add height and a stately charm, and that six footer won't have to bend so far.

JENNIE MAIEWSKI—For Jennie, our valedictorian, who has spent four years in perpetual study, we have this medal of honor. This medal certifies that you, Jennie, are sentenced to a life of leisure, and now that S. A. days are over, may you rest in everlasting peace.

HELEN MICHALOWSKI—Helen is all set for the future, it seems. We know you'll make a very cute soda jerk, Helen, so we're going to prepare you, should an

emergency arise! Here is a bottle opener, just in case the one at Terry's goes on strike.

GERTRUDE PETRIKOSKI—It seems that Gertrude has been walking around in a trance ever since the Washington trip. A closer investigation revealed to us that she has lost her heart in Washington. So, for Gertrude, we have here an airplane to take her back to dreamland, deep in the heart of Washington.

BERNARD SAWICKI—A nice row boat is your gift, Bernie. When your car is resting from the night before, you may use this row boat to cross the Connecticut River and see the blond model from Hadley, whom you met while on the class trip.

LUCY SZYCH—We know it's hard for Lucy to make dates, over the neighbor's telephone, with that celebrated personage from Hadley. So to you, Lucy, we give this telephone, so that you may enjoy hour-long chats with that certain man, instead of having to hang up in just twenty minutes.

MARGARET VACHULA—Since it looks as if Peg is going to follow in her sister's footsteps, we want to present her with this J. R. Wood art-carved diamond ring, to help matters a bit, since that North Hadley lad is so shy. Good luck, Peg!

ALEX WIDELo—As many of you know, Alex was heard uttering some of the queerest noises during the study periods, and it got so that uttering them became a favorite pastime with him. Therefore, in order that he may never fail to be a noise-maker, we present him with this brand new rattle.

JANET ZUCHOWSKI—During her Senior year, Janet has been seen in and out of town in some of the latest model cars such as the Studebaker, the Oldsmobile, or the Pontiac. Therefore, to refresh her memory when she is at home, we give to Janet this beautiful new Studebaker.

JENNIE MAIEWSKI
IRENE KRAULIS
JANET ZUCHOWSKI
GERTRUDE PETRIKOWSKI

Address to Undergraduates

It is a great privilege and honor to address you, undergraduates, in behalf of the class of '47. When Smith Academy welcomed us, back in 1943, as freshmen, the world was engaged in a bitter struggle that pitted all free men against the cruel forces of fascism. As we progressed in years, the world shook off the clutches of fascism to restore peace. Now, it is up to us, as Americans, to keep the peace of the future.

Smith Academy has helped prepare us for this future. The teachers have helped us lay the foundation of our lives, which must be planned as the erection of a great building is planned. They have shown us that our foundation must rest upon eight pillars, important in attaining success whether in the problem of making a living, or serving the community, or keeping world peace. These pillars are energy, economy, integrity, sympathy, impartiality, system, sincerity, and self-reliance. Now that these are cemented together, we have a solid foundation for the life we shall continue to build as we go forth into the future.

Tomorrow, we shall be on our own. No more shall we be able to rely on our teachers to help us in our problems. Since Smith Academy has given us our foundation, it is up to every individual who is graduating today and to every one of you who will graduate in the near future to make what he wishes of himself. We all probably shall scatter to the four corners of the earth and may not see each other for a long time, or even forever. As the future citizens of this great democracy, it is up to us and to you, undergraduates, to take a hand in helping

preserve peace for our country and for the world. Why, even now, we are troubled within our borders by a new threat, Communism. Smith Academy will help prepare you, as it has prepared us, to battle this threat and any other threat which tries to upset our freedom, whether it is from an external or from an internal source. So, undergraduates, don't waste your time in school; and make the most of your opportunities.

Juniors—You have but one more year to complete your high school education. Make the most of that year. Get a good foundation for your future years. Develop your capacities to their fullest extent. Set your goal and drive with all your might for it. Lay well the foundations.

Sophomores—Half of your high school life is completed. Now is the time to decide what course you wish to take and stick to it. Do not waste a single moment, for you will find later that you will be sorry.

Freshmen—You have the longest road to travel. Since peace is here again, you can lead a normal life. But life will be difficult, as you will discover. Take courses to suit your needs and then bear down and follow them through. Always remember that success is not achieved easily, but with much labor.

To all of you, the class of '47 extends loads of luck and best wishes. We hope that you will enjoy school life as much as we have. We hope that the future will hold in store many good things for you.

STANLEY F. KIREJCZYK,

Third Honor Student.

* * *

Presentation of Gift to School

With the passing of tomorrow, the members of the class of 1947 will join the ranks of alumni. We are leaving Smith Academy at a time when education is of great importance. The education that we have received here will help us greatly in the years to come. In grateful appreciation,

we leave this gift, a sum of money, to be used for the school library. We hope this gift will not only serve to keep alive our memory, but will also serve as a token of our appreciation of the vital education that Smith Academy has given us.

ALEX WIDEL0

They'll Never Forget

Bernice Buchowski	coming to school three days in a row
John Fortsch	his exploding experiments
Danny Fusek	correcting the instructor in chemistry
Joanne Howard	having fun at the square dances
Leonard Karpinski	getting a long distance call from Vanties' in Boston
Annette Kempisty	coming to school at nine
Stanley Kirejczyk	on the chemistry class tour of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co.
Stacia Kostek	picked as D.A.R. girl
Irene Kraulis	eating in H. A.
Jennie Maiewski	the many hours of endless study
Helen Michalowski	working in the "shop" after school
Gertrude Petrikoski	the many moonlight nights
Bernard Sawicki	"Lola" on the Washington trip
Lucy Szych	wearing pig-tails to school
Peggy Vachula	moonlight rides on N. Hadley Pond
Alex Widelo	making gruesome noises in study hall
Janet Zuchowski	South Deerfield (men)

* * *

Senior Auto

Headlights.....	JENNIE MAIEWSKI, BERNARD SAWICKI.....	Extra Bright
Rear Light.....	BERNICE BUCKOWSKI.....	Always Out
Wheels.....	STACIA KOSTEK, LUCY SZYCH.....	Lively People
HELEN MICHALOWSKI, JOANNE HOWARD		
Spotlight.....	PEGGY VACHULA.....	On the beam
Gas	GERTRUDE PETRIKOSKI.....	Always burned up
Spare Tire.....	JANET ZUCHOWSKI.....	Comes in handy
Engine.....	JOHN FORTSCH.....	Forever blowing up
Roof.....	DANNY FUSEK.....	Way above
Windshield Wiper.....	ANNETTE KEMPISTY.....	Never works
Horn.....	LENNY KARPINSKI.....	Always blowing
Seat.....	STANLEY KIREJCZYK.....	Always getting sat on (By a blonde)
Siren.....	ALEX WIDELO.....	Makes unheard of noises
Gas Tank.....	IRENE KRAULIS.....	Consumes in quantities
Body	Students	
Brakes	Don't know what they are	
Choke	Faculty	
Driver	Mr. Jakobek—tries to steer	

Seniorscope

Name	Ambition	Likes	Dislikes	Weakness
Bernice Buckowski John Fortsch	Detective Chemistry	Dancing, guns Atoms, molecules	Schools, criminals Firecrackers Explosives	Texas Acids
Danny Fusek Joanne Howard	Mechanic Pilot	Broken-down cars Square dances, Horses	New cars Pests	Motors Asking questions
Leonard Karpinski	Executive	Telephone calls Teasing girls Flirting, dates	Getting blamed	Girls
Annette Kempisty Stanley Kirejczyk Stacia Kostek	Glamour girl Bachelor Secretary	Girls, going out Driving cars Going on Trips	Staying home Riding a bicycle Flirts	Men Blondes "Sharky"
Irene Kraulis Jennie Matewski	Dietician Farmerette	Eating, dancing Studying Being helpful	Being broke Cats and dogs	Apples Upsweeps
Helen Michalowski Gertrude Petrikoski Bernard Sawicki Lucy Szych Margaret Vachula	Soda jerk Wife Plumber Stenographer Hairdresser	Movies, Terry's Giggling, red hair Cars, Hadley Sports, gum Chips, canoeing	U. S. History Cross-eyed people Dentists Males ? ? ? State Motor vehicle inspectors	Easthampton "Charlie" "Lola" Hadley "Bob"
Alex Widelo Janet Zuchowski	Clown Artist	Girls, servicemen Dark nights South Deerfield	Being annoyed Washing dishes	Noises Dates

Class Song

"COMMENCEMENT DAY"

By Churchill and Grendell

Here at the crossroads we're standing
 Viewing the years that have gone,
 Years that have been swift and fleeting,
 Joyful with laughter and song.
 Far ahead stretches the futures,
 Wonderfu] mystic of youth
 Bright with her promise eternal,
 Bright with her promise of truth.
 Farewell classmates, teachers adieu—
 Here at the crossroads
 We must part from you.
 Hope calls us onward,
 Bidding us to be true—
 But memory binds us ever
 To dear S. A. and you.

Class Poem

SMITH ACADEMY

We leave these rooms, the friendly halls
 The stately building with red brick walls
 In whose rooms, from days of yore
 Many feet have trod the floor.
 Here students work, a busy band,
 When the sessions are at hand.
 Here teachers smooth the rough hard way
 With added help, from day to day.
 Through each corridor one may hear
 The passing bells ring out so clear.
 And the water fountains sing a tune
 Of our leaving here in June.
 Bright mem'ries will to us recall
 Friendships shared with one and all.
 Our life work, our own vocation,
 Is built upon this education.
 We leave these rooms, the friendly halls,
 The stately building with red brick walls.
 We leave, to go our separate ways
 With mem'ries bright of S. A. days.

JENNIE MAIEWSKI '47

Valedictorian

MOTTO

B what you R

CLASS COLORS

Purple and White

CLASS FLOWER

Purple and White Carnations

Student Council



Front Row: Margaret Vachula, Ted Besko, Stanley Kirejczyk, Bernice Buckowski.
Back Row: Virginia Yarrows, George Coor, Frank Kochan, Mrs. Day.

* * *

STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS

President—Stanley Kirejczyk
Treasurer—Ted Besko

Vice President—Margaret Vachula
Secretary—Bernice Buckowski

School Paper Staff



Front Row: Barbara Ryan, Annette Kempisty, Bernice Buckowski, Margaret Vachula, Jennie Maiewski, Joanne Howard, Evelyn Kacinski, Dorothy Skarzinski, Ethel Omasta, Carol Levitre.

Second Row: Mrs. Pruzinski, Carol Howard, Helen Szewczyk, Lucy Szych, Frances Zuchowski, Jeannette Niewinski, Miss Ryan.

Back Row: Stacia Kostek, Edward Betsold, Stanley Kirejczyk, Francis Dugał, Helen Michalowski.

* * *

SCHOOL PAPER STAFF

Co-Editors	Joanne Howard, Margaret Vachula, Jennie Maiewski
Associate Editors	Dorothy Skarzinski, Evelyn Kacinski
Literary Editors	Annette Kempisty, Barbara Ryan, Jeannette Niewinski
Sports Writers	Stanley Kirejczyk, Patricia Mullins
Art Editors	Janet Zuchowski, Edward Betsold
Feature Editors	Bernice Buckowski, Francis Dugał
Business Managers	Bernard Sawicki, John Foster, Leonard Karpinski
Typists	Lucy Szych, Ethel Omasta, Helen Szewczyk, Helen Micholowski, Esther Carter
Reporters	Virginia Yarrows, Frances Zuchowski, Carol Levitre, Joseph Szych, Stacia Kostek, Carole Howard, Edward Slycz

Junior Class



Front Row: Janet Matusiewicz, Laura Pelc, Evelyn Cackowski, Frances Zuchowski, Ethel Omasta, Charles Labbee, John Foster, Jeanette Niewinski, Helen Szewczyk, Evelyn Kacinski, Esther Carter, Dorothy Skarzinski.

Back Row: Bernard Wendolowski, Frank Kochan, Carl Pelc, Teddy Besko, Carl Nartowicz, Carl Majesky, Richard Karpinski, Francis Dugal, Joseph Porada, Mrs. O'Neill.

Not in Picture: Richard Jandzinski.

* * *

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President—Charles Labbee
Treasurer—Edward Betsold

Vice President—John Foster
Secretary—Jeannette Niewinski

Sophomore Class



Front Row: Nancy Holley, Irene Macioroski, Teresa Nartowicz, Barbara Ryan, Roger Wendoloski, Edward Betsold, Josephine Foster, Carole Howard, Frances Woodward, Katherine O'Neal.

Back Row: Pauline Vachula, Mildred Toczko, Lucy Zawacki, John Kovalski, Thomas Smith, Alvin Rejniak, Robert Breor, Patricia Mullins, Virginia Yarrows, Mrs. Florence Muller.

Not in Picture: Alice Cybulski.

* * *

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

President—Roger Wendoloski

Secretary—Barbara Ryan

Treasurer—Edward Betsold

Freshman Class



Front Row: Mary Belden, Carol Levitre, Dorothy Fortsch, Robert Widelo, Robert Sadlowski, Raymond Jenness, Joseph Klekot, Joan Moriarty, Helen Backiel, Phyllis Pelis.

Back Row: Ann Kennedy, Francis Holhut, Donald Holt, Leonard Klekot, Joseph Szych, John Barrett, George Coor, Antoinette Nielson.

Not in Picture: Edward Slycz, Janet Vollinger.

* * *

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

President—Raymond Jenness

Vice President—Bernard Saydlowski

Treasurer—Robert Widelo

Secretary—Carol Levitre

Boys' Basketball



Front Row: Carl Pele, Stanley Kirejczyk, Captain John Foster, Ted Besko, Bernard Wendoloski.

Back Row: Manager John Fortsch, John Kovalski, Coach John Symancyk, Leonard Klekot, Assistant Manager Alex Widelo.

* * *

Through graduation, Smith's '47 basketball squad lost four regulars which greatly weakened the team both in material and height. The regulars lost were Bernard Kacenski, Bob Pele, Bill Mullins, and Joe Blyda. S.A. also lost Archie Proulx and Myron Sikorski, both of whom left school. Despite the fact that the hoopsters were not bolstered with reserves or height, they gave all they had for their dear Old Mater.

Smith Academy's '47 basketball club was composed of "Corner" Wendelowski and Carl Pele as forwards; Stan Kirejczyk, center; and John Foster and Ted Besko, guards. In reserve, S.A. had John Kovalski and Leo Klekot.

Coach Symancyk's lads showed three games in the win column, and the rest in the lost column for their season record. S.A.'s wins came in Hampshire League competition as they defeated Arms Academy, 41 to 27, Smith School, 41-39, in a thrilling overtime tilt, and finally Amherst, 36-31

in a stunning upset.

Summary:

Independent Games

Smith Academy 33	Springfield Tech 66
Smith Academy 20	St. Michael's 43
Smith Academy 21	Northampton 59
Smith Academy 41	St. Michael's 57
Smith Academy 23	West Springfield 59
Smith Academy 41	Northampton 88

Hampshire League Contests

Smith Academy 24	Smith School 44
Smith Academy 41	Arms 27
Smith Academy 29	Amherst 74
Smith Academy 22	Hopkins 31
Smith Academy 22	Deerfield 45
Smith Academy 40	South Hadley 64
Smith Academy 41	Smith School 39
Smith Academy 28	Arms 38
Smith Academy 36	Amherst 31
Smith Academy 35	Hopkins 49
Smith Academy 20	Deerfield 41
Smith Academy 45	South Hadley 60

Soccer Team



Front Row: John Fortsch, Carl Pelc, Stanley Kirejczyk, John Foster, Alex Widelo, Leonard Klekot, Bernard Wendolowski.
 Back Row: Teddy Besko, Richard Jandzinski, John Kovalski, Carl Majesky, John Barrett, Joseph Kirejczyk, Coach Symancyk.

* * *

Smith Academy's inexperienced 1947 soccer squad had a fair season, as they registered three victories, five losses, and two ties. The S.A. schedule included the co-champions of Western Massachusetts. Both these teams were out of the Smith class; and as a result, S.A. took two defeats from Easthampton, also HL champs, and one from Ludlow. As told to this reporter by some Ludlow players, S.A. gave Ludlow the toughest scrap they had had in a long time, before losing out, 4 to 0.

S.A.'s three wins were over Smith School and Holyoke Trade, twice. In spite of a disastrous start in the Hampshire League, the squad managed to pull up in third place by getting two wins and a tie in the last half of the league to break out almost even in league competition with three wins, four setbacks, and a tie. The booters lost to Hopkins 1-0 in the first encounter but played a scoreless tie with their arch-rivals in the other tilt. "Jake" Majesky

had three shut-outs to his credit.

S.A. had lost at the beginning of the season such players as Bernard Kacenski, Bob Pelc, Bill Mullins, Walter Kuchet, and Dick Labbee. When the season was half over, the booters also lost Archie Proulx, center halfback, with the result that the defense was weakened a great deal. Nevertheless, Smith battled against all odds to finish the season as a vastly improved team. This reporter wishes S.A. loads of luck in sports in the years to come!

Summary:

Smith Academy	1	Springfield Tech	1
Smith Academy	0	Smith School	1
Smith Academy	0	Hopkins	1
Smith Academy	0	Easthampton	6
Smith Academy	5	Holyoke Trade	1
Smith Academy	0	Ludlow	4
Smith Academy	2	Smith School	0
Smith Academy	0	Hopkins	0
Smith Academy	0	Easthampton	4
Smith Academy	5	Holyoke Trade	0

Girls' Basketball



Front Row: Lucy Zawacki, Lucy Szych, Annette Kempisty, Patricia Mullins, Jeanette Niewinski, Virginia Yarrows, Mildred Toczko.

Back Row: Manager Margaret Vaehula, Assistant Manager Helen Szewczyk, Ethel Omasta, Dorothea Fortsch, Carole Howard, Mary Belden, Assistant Coach Mrs. Marjorie Day, Coach Mrs. Florence Muller.

* * *

Because of the difficulties in getting transportation, the Smith Academy girls were not able to have any additional games to their usual schedule. Northampton, Deerfield, Hopkins, South Hadley and East-

hampton, especially, proved the quick movement and skill of our girls. Mrs. Muller, with the aid of Mrs. Day, a newcomer to S.A., again coached the team.

Summary:

Jan. 28	Smith Academy	48	South Hadley	20
Feb. 5	Smith Academy	19	Northampton	45
Feb. 11	Smith Academy	21	Northampton	41
Feb. 14	Smith Academy	29	Hopkins	22
Feb. 18	Smith Academy	13	South Deerfield	18
March 5	Smith Academy	21	South Deerfield	24
March 12	Smith Academy	34	Hopkins	18
March 19	Smith Academy	34	Easthampton	32

ANNETTE KEMPISTY '47

Literary

NIUAFO'OU, TIN CAN ISLAND

On February 3, 1947, I was very surprised and overjoyed on receiving a long-awaited letter from a certain Mr. Quensell, Niuafo'ou, Tonga, South Seas. First of all I noticed the three brightly colored and strange-looking stamps. But I was dismayed to find that this cover (envelope in your language) did not bear the Tin Can Island cachet and for this there is a reason. But now I shall tell more about this remote island.

One of the world's most unique mail service originated on this island of Niuafo'ou, which lies in a decidedly out-of-the-way position in the Pacific Ocean, on the northwest edge of the Tongan group. Landing on this isle is difficult and is often impossible. Letters for the island are placed in sealed tins and thrown overboard to be picked up by natives in outrigger canoes. In very rough weather, when canoes cannot possibly be landed, powerful swimmers are sent out with the mail. After the exchange of mail, the swimmers are faced with from two to three hours' work before the Tin Can Mail is safely landed. Covers from Tin Can Island have a number of cachets in several different languages. Formerly, in order to get one of these interesting covers, one had to send a self-addressed envelope with a ten cents coin to Mr. Quensell. The reply required six months—and my reply had come!

On turning over the envelope, I immediately saw a notice pasted in the center saying "Tin Can Mail Service has ended. Part of Tin Can Island, Niuafo'ou, has blown up by volcanic eruption." Now I knew why the cover wasn't cacheted. On opening the letter, I read as follows:

"Walter Geo. Quensell,
Nukualofa, Tonga,
South Seas.

NUKUALOFA,
TONGA,
OCEANIA.

My Dear Friend,

Your letter of sometime ago came safely to hand, for which many thanks.

As you may have heard Niuafo'ou, or Tin Can Island, has been blown up by a very great volcanic eruption. Some ten craters broke out on or about the 9th and 10th September, 1946.

Great damage has been done which I estimate to be somewhere about 50,000 pounds. All Government buildings have been destroyed together with my Tin Can Mail Office, therefore the world famous Tin Can Service has come to an end.

As perhaps you know, I started this Tin Can Mail Service on 15th October, 1919, and which terminated on 9th September, 1946.

I lived on the Island for 27 years but left just forty days before the eruption, which although it wrought great destruction, I am happy to say that no lives were lost. I certainly consider myself very lucky as at the very spot where I had lived so long, one of the craters erupted burning and burying the whole premises.

Yours truly,
Walter George Quensell."

As I was looking through my old correspondence the other night, this letter from Nukualofa caught my eye. On reading it over again, I fell to pondering the fate of the little island. My version of what happened before and after the eruption of Niuafo'ou goes like this:

It was a stifling hot and serene afternoon, the tenth day of September, on the small tropical isle of Niuafo'ou, second largest of the Tongan group in the South Seas. The natives shifted from one place to another in a lazy sort of way, searching for a shady spot cooler than the last one. The children could be heard screaming and laughing while playing along the hot, white-sanded beach. Few of the older children, who were very excellent swimmers, were bathing, but stayed close to shore. They did not seem to be enjoying themselves very much, since they had been warned previously that a school of man-eating sharks was lurking in that vicinity. For this reason, the pearl-divers had remained idle for two weeks. Instead of warm weather, each day had

become hotter and hotter; and as a result, the rice on the terraces withered. At night the natives would huddle close together when the whole island trembled and a rolling, rumbling sound was heard in the distance. Niuafou was a volcanic island. There were other warning signs. Smoke and steam poured forth from recent fissures in the rock. A river of lava cut a wide swath through the tangled jungle. All these events were believed to be signs of evil portent. The extremely hot weather must be caused by the island's magnetism to Hell; the school of sharks was sent by some outer force to keep the inhabitants on the island; the rice crops failed so that the people would starve—so went the rumors. At precisely midnight on each full moon, a weird, blood-chilling dance was performed by the high-priests, robed in unique ceremonial dress. A dance to Takanaki, God of Salvation, after which a beautiful young native girl was sacrificed on an altar of fire. An offering of few to save many, an offering of the best to save the rest.

On that hot afternoon of September 10, thoughts, for the moment, were on anything but these events. The morning had been an unusually quiet one and faint breezes caressed the glimmering coconut palm branches. A deathly silence pervaded the island that afternoon. Not a leaf stirred, the vast open sky was clear of clouds, and the sun's rays made the ripples in the lagoon sparkle brilliantly. Even the chattering of the jungle birds and animals was intermittent and limited. Later in the day, the sharp voices of the children penetrated the strange tranquillity of that fatal September day. But even this noise did not seem so loud and piercing as usual; it was muffled by some mystifying phenomenon; the ocean tide carried it away and brought in a rolling mourning sound. . . . Something was going to occur! The stage was all set. It could even be sensed lingering in the air! And then, it came. . . . At first a low rumbling, interrupted by sharp reverberating detonations. These grew louder and louder! The people were terrified, running panic-stricken in all directions. Then came a tremendous explosion. Buildings shook, walls cracked, and doors flew

open as if pushed by invisible hands. And then another deafening explosion! The white-hot lava turned the sea water into superheated steam; flying rocks and hot ashes covered the entire island, burning and burying all. Everything and everybody met a hideous fate. An hour later a wall of water, advancing on the small lava-covered isle at an incredible speed, dashed over the island, enveloping it forever in its watery tomb. The sun, now blazing like a flaming disc, rapidly recedes beyond the horizon. In its wake, a tranquil and orange-glowing ocean spreads. Where once a colorful island interrupted its vast emptiness, flows azure waters of centuries. Niuafou lies in eternal peace!

BERNARD SAWICKI '47

THE LETTER

Who could have sent it? What a horrible letter! An accident—but why had they marked him as a victim? His mind skims through the names of people he knows. Such a horrible revenge for some crime he knows nothing about. Could it be from the two thugs he had seen breaking into the town hall? Or could it be those two toughies who had just moved from across the street? Suddenly he scrambles to his feet as the telephone starts shrilly ringing. As he picks up the receiver, he hears a perfect impersonation of Humphrey Bogart, saying,

"Lemme talk to Johnnie."

He trembles, suddenly remembering the letter, and succeeds after a few minutes in murmuring, like a man ready to meet his death, "This is he."

Comes a moment of silence; then the sinister voice continues.

"Didja get a letter today?"

"W-e-ll, w-e-ll—you see."

"Ya know what the letter says, doncha?" comes the roaring of a stark madman. "Well then—" comes another quiet moment—"April Fool!" Another moment's silence. "Hey, Johnny! Say something! Johnny!"

Johnny is not answering, for he is sprawled on the floor, stunned and overcome by relief.

ANNETTE KEMPISTY '47.

TEEN-AGE PROBLEMS

We are constantly reading and hearing discussions on the teen-age problem. The older generation seems to think that we are too reckless, have no responsibility whatsoever, and cannot be depended upon. What is the case against the teen-agers? There is, for example, complaint about "wild parties". We do not like to have chaperones at parties. Why? Because we want to feel free; we do not want to have anyone watching over us. I don't think the parties are "wild". I know I've never been to any that I would call "wild". Another charge made by our elders is that of reckless driving. It is true that the death of teen-agers in automobile accidents has increased 41% this year over last, and that teen-agers are worse drivers than men and women over sixty-five years of age. What is even worse, some boys have formed clubs whose membership requires a record of driving so fast that police can't catch up to them. This charge of carelessness on our part can be removed by driving carefully and slowly. Our elders also charge that teen-agers show no respect for public property. I admit that books and other things are somewhat ruined by our hands," but weren't the other "younger generations" the same, in that respect?

MY PASTURE

The light green meadow
 Surrounded by a wall,
 Is covered with soft grass
 That, in the morning, sparkles with dew.
 Birds chirping, flit everywhere,
 The cows gently moo,
 As the children slowly trudge
 Along to school.
 This is my pasture
 So large and free,
 Where, every, morning,
 I hear the light, brown chickadee.
 And, as to school I run along
 I am happily singing this little song:
 "Good-bye, dear meadow!
 But not for long,
 Until the close of day
 I shall live under your beauty's sway."

JOHN FORTSCH '47

Now, what can be said in behalf of our youth? In my opinion, the problem is not so great in a small community, such as Hatfield, but it is more serious in cities. I think we do more good than bad. For instance, consider the work we did during the war, working part-time in factories, working on the farms to produce crops. Many boys of seventeen and over enlisted in the armed forces. As for saying we are irresponsible, that isn't true. We all have responsibilities. For instance, we are responsible for preparing for our future, and our future is just a blank. Our whole country, we are told, is on the verge of a depression, which leaders are now trying to avert. When we graduate from high school, where will we turn? We realize that our future will depend upon the wisdom of good planning, and we are trying to prepare for that future. In my opinion, the source of the problem, if looked into, might be found in the home. Sometimes the parents are just as bad as the wayward children, called juvenile delinquents, and sometimes parents are worse. The teen-age problem is not caused by youth alone, and it cannot be solved by youth alone.

MARGARET VACHULA '47

EVE'S FONDNESS FOR APPLES

Ever since the world was made, it was a
 part of God's plan,
 That man should not be lonely, that there
 should be Maid and Man.
 So Eve was made to comfort him and be a
 help mate too;
 But she over-stepped the boundary when
 she wanted apple stew.
 Most women since have followed in the
 steps of Mother Eve;
 And it indeed should make us sad,
 Should make us grieve.
 But if Adam and Eve were here today,
 I think they would almost die
 Of joy over the sight and taste of
 A delicious apple pie!

BERNARD SAWICKI '47

FROM THE HILL TOP

Calm and peaceful
 I gaze at the world around.
 Rivers flowing rapidly,
 Sun brightly glaring,
 Grass cool and green,
 Flowers in gorgeous bloom.
 Lacy green leaves
 Gleaming in the sun,
 Children calling one another
 In shouts and happy laughter.
 From the hill top,
 Calm, I gaze at the world around.

LUCY SZYCH '47

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

The cost of living is very high
 Everyone does complain,
 Articles cost twice their worth.
 "When will they come down!" we exclaim.
 Food, Shelter, Luxury and Dress
 To highest prices have soared.
 Trying to balance a budget is a mess.
 With these conditions everyone is bored.

DANIEL J. FUSEK '47

BOOKKEEPING

A hard subject is Bookkeeping,
 With Mrs. O'Neill constantly repeating:
 "Debit what comes in, credit what goes out."
 By that time I don't know what she's talking about.
 We six students are so often yearnin',
 As we try to get some business learnin'.
 Instead of notes and checks of every description,
 We six students often yearn to read fiction.
 I am called to the desk where my work is checked,
 My answer is right, but the amount is incorrect,
 Asked if I copied, I answer—"Oh, no!"
 The teacher says—"My, but you're clever."
 And I answer, "Of course—I'm no dodo!"
 We are told to turn to page 218,
 But I am engrossed in a Junior's "Seventeen."
 I look up with a sigh when asked what I'm reading.
 I repeat—a hard subject is Bookkeeping!

IRENE KRAULIS '47

A BALLAD OF THE ONION SEASON

Spring is coming on this way
On onions you'll be working, day after day.
The thought of working gives you a pain,
The one who started this must have been insane.

On your knees you get, on a cold, damp day,
Setting onions, acre after acre, in the same old way.
Before you know it, a day's work is done,
And your back, does it hurt—Son of a Gun!

Patiently waiting for the onions to grow,
You wonder if this year you'll make any dough.
By now the green tops are coming up on their own,
The thought of weeding them makes you feel like running away.

Time has come the weeds are high,
In the burning hot sun you almost die.
You look around, waiting for the five o'clock whistle to blow
Before you know it, you're getting poked for sitting on your row.

The green tops have grown a few feet high.
Standing with a hoe you look up at the sky,
Watching the planes roar swiftly by.
All you say is, "That lucky guy!"

Boy, oh Boy! The weeding is done!
But oh! There's clipping, and that's no fun.
"Will this darn work ever end?"
Is what you keep muttering to your friend.

Seven in the morning, up you get,
Time to clip, did you forget?
Getting ready, you're as slow as can be,
You're in no hurry, it's plain to see.

Finally you're settled and begin to clip.
You say, "When we're through, I'm taking a trip."
With that big straw hat on your head,
You look like a native, not alive, but almost dead.

The clipping is done and are you glad!
Now it's screening—but that isn't bad,
All you do is help shake the screen,
And often skip to the store for some ice cream.

What a relief—the summer's work is done.
Sitting and loafing, that'll be fun.
Planning your trip you sit and drool,
Oh! Darn it! Next week is school!

HELEN MICHALOWSKI '47

Thespians



Front Row: Lucy Szych, Joanne Howard, Annette Kempisty, Margaret Vachula, Bernard Sawicki, Bernice Buckowski, Stacia Kostek, Helen Szewczyk.

Back Row: Irene Kraulis, John Fortsch, Charles Labbee, Alex Widelo, Robert Breor, Leonard Karpinski, Janet Zuchowski, Helen Michalowski, Miss Ryan.

THESPIAN OFFICERS

President—Bernard Sawicki

Vice President—Margaret Vachula

Secretary-Treasurer—Bernice Buckowski

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EYE-WITNESS REPORT OF SENIOR PLAY

On the night of November 15, 1946, a large audience of parents and friends experienced thrills and laughs when the S.A. Thespians presented their first melodrama, entitled "Dangerous Ladies", on the Memorial town hall stage. The actors were all well-cast, and each gave a creditable performance in the three-act mystery melodrama which held many moments of suspense, with comedy bits to relieve the tension.

Bernice Buckowski, first time on stage, and Margaret Vachula, veteran of "Pickles," shared honors as the "dangerous ladies."

Bernice, as Charlotte Harris, played with poise and precision the difficult role of the cultured spinster who is in a plot to obtain secret information from aircraft workers. "Peep" Vachula, as her sister Laura, portrayed with skill the sweet, innocent lover of flowers who eagerly and unquestioningly followed the determined and strict orders of her domineering older sister.

Robert Breor portrayed a young country boy, Johnny Porter, who grows up fast when he discovers himself the victim of a cleverly-laid plot. The first dramatic note in the play is sounded by his murder in cold blood by the two villains, Leonard Karpinski and Alex Widelo. Alex, as Andrews, the

butler, underscored the villainy of his deeds by the suave, cool, correct manner in which he performed them. Leonard, as Michael, the gardener, made striking the contrast between his devotion to flowers and his eager willingness to obey the most heartless commands.

Annette Kempisty, as Ellen Burgess, niece of the Harris sisters, gave a skillful and pleasant performance, revealing the charm of the young girl, and meeting the requirements of dramatic action very ably. Bernard Sawicki, as Bob Ransome, the test pilot, whose interest in Ellen brought him to the Harris home, met the varied requirements of the role with mastery, playing equally well the light romantic moments and the tense dramatic scenes. Both Annette and Bernie are veteran stars of "Almost Eighteen" and "Pickles Becomes a Lady."

In the role of Sheba, Ellen's colored maid, Lucy Szych won many laughs and also provided several moments of suspense with her zestful interpretations. Stacia Kostek played effectively the part of Hilda, the cook, portraying well the remorseful horror of an unwilling observer of crime. As guardians of the law, Charles Labbee and Joanne Howard both gave finished performances. Charles gave a clever portrayal of Kelly, the cop, at first genial and unsuspecting, but eventually alert and efficient; while Joanne's performance as Monica Hart, FBI agent, was an excellent blend of casualness

and efficiency. All the players showed good dramatic talent, and the performance was well-applauded.

Between the acts the Academy choristers, directed by Miss Maude E. Boyle, sang several songs, which included "Night and Day" and "In the Still of the Night," displaying a great musical talent. After Act II there were selections by "The Seven Aces," an orchestra composed of John Fortsch, Teddy Besko, Charles Labbee, Carl Majesky, John Toczko, Edward Betsold, and Mildred Toczko.

"Dangerous Ladies" was coached by Miss Mary E. Ryan of the faculty. Miss Ryan has coached all previous plays and deserves very much credit for her untiring devotions in making the plays successful. The stage crew consisted of Myron Sikorski, Leonard Karpinski, and Alex Widelo. Helen Szewczyk was promoter; stage properties were in charge of Mrs. Robert Day of the faculty. John Fortsch was technician. The ticket sale was directed by Principal John C. Jakobek, and programs were printed under direction of Mrs. Margaret Pruzynski. Junior ushers were under direction of Mrs. B. C. O'Neill. Both Mrs. Pruzynski and Mrs. O'Neill are S.A. faculty members.

At the close of the second act, Bernard Sawicki, president of the Thespians, presented a lapel pin and matching ear-rings to the director, Miss Ryan.



Pro Merito



Front Row: Esther Carter, Dorothy Skarzyński, Evelyn Kacinski, Jennie Maiewski, Stacia Kostek.
Back Row: Mrs. Pruzynski, Stanley Kirejczyk, Bernard Sawicki, Miss Ryan.

* * *

JUNIOR OFFICERS

Dorothy Skarzyński	President
Esther Carter	Vice President
Evelyn Kacinski	Secretary

SENIOR OFFICERS

Jennie Maiewski	President
Bernard Sawicki	Vice President
Stacia Kostek	Secretary
Stanley Kirejczyk	Treasurer

* * * *

Seven Smith Academy Pro Merito students, accompanied by Principal Jakobek and Miss Ryan, adviser, went to Gardner High School on May 10 to attend the annual spring state convention of Pro Merito groups. The session opened with registration at ten, followed by a trampoline exhibition in the gym at ten-thirty under the direction of the head coach at Gardner. Before the business meetings conducted from eleven until noon, Principal Williams of Gardner welcomed the delegates. Luncheon in the high school cafeteria was fol-

lowed by a social period with dancing. At two o'clock the different chapters assembled to hear greetings from Mr. Frank C. Chase, superintendent of the Gardner schools. After this address, poems were read by delegates from eight of the attending chapters, and the best reader, chosen by applause was a South Hadley delegate who read "If", by Rudyard Kipling. A few minutes later, the assembled group listened to a very interesting address, entitled "Three-Sided You", by Professor Robert S. Illingworth of Clark University, Worcester. The speaker urged us to remember that each of us needs to foster not only physical health, but mental and spiritual health as well. The program closed with a play, "Grandma Pulls the String", which was presented by the Masquers, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Kivlin. For an appropriate closing of the annual convention, the Pro Merito members sang the Pro Merito Song.

JENNIE MAIEWSKI

Prize Speakers



Front Row: Irene Kraulis, Annette Kempisty, Bernice Buckowski, Margaret Vachula, Stacia Kostek.

Back Row: John Fortsch, Stanley Kirejczyk, Miss Ryan, Bernard Sawicki, Alex Widelo.

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ALUMNI PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST SMITH ACADEMY May 16, 1946

PROGRAM

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|
| *1. What Is America | Barksdale |
| John Fortsch | |
| 2. Joe Goes Home | Palmer |
| Stacia Kostek | |
| 3. Americanism | Roosevelt |
| Alex Widelo | |
| 4. The Night the Bed Fell | Thurber |
| Margaret Vachula | |
| **5. Boyhood of Ike Eisenhower | Davis |
| Stanley Kirejczyk | |
| Water-Lillies | Linders |
| Girls' Glee Club | |
| **6. Yellow Butterflies | Andrews |
| Annette Kempisty | |
| 7. The Murderer's Confession | Poe |
| Bernard Sawicki | |
| 8. Kindly Light | Sizoo |
| Irene Kraulis | |

- | | |
|--|-------|
| 9. Putting the Atom to Work | Davis |
| Daniel Fusek | |
| *10. Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning | |
| Twain | |

Bernice Buchowski

*First Prize **Second Prize

Selections from "H.M.S. Pinafore"

We Sail the Ocean Blue—Boys' Glee Club
The Monarch of the Sea—Arthur Proulx
and Chorus

I'm Called Little Buttercup—

Barbara Ryan and Girls' Glee Club
I Am the Captain of the Pinafore—

Richard Labbee and Chorus

Accompanists:

Joan Bangs and Patricia Mullins

Conference of Judges

Lorimer H. Brown	Easthampton
Mrs. Fannie Allen	Hopkins
Mrs. James P. Reed	Hopkins

Award of Prizes Smith Academy Song

Washington Trip

WASHINGTON DAY BY DAY

Monday, April 21

A very happy and excited group of four girls and four boys, which included Annette Kempisty, Stacia Kostek, Gertrude Petrikoski, Joanne Howard, John Fortsch, Leonard Karpinski, Stanley Kirejczyk, and Bernard Sawicki, awaited the arrival of the 7:20 A.M. train at the Northampton Railroad Station. That long-awaited day had finally come—we were off for Washington! And what a send off—a cold, biting sleet storm! This is where our winter overcoats came out of the mothballs and into good use again.

On the train we joined three students from Arms Academy, one girl from Deerfield High School, and eighteen students from good ol' Hopkins Academy. On the way down we quickly became acquainted with one another and sang the time away. Before noon we arrived at Grand Central Terminal and walked to a bus station in a downpour of cold rain. After tidying up a bit there, we took a bus to the pier of the Jersey City ferry. Many of us were surprised to find ourselves on the ferry and crossing the Hudson River to Jersey City, New Jersey, while still inside the riding coach. Even though the day was cloudy and wet, a view of the Statue of Liberty, Ellis and Governor's Island, the harbor traffic, and the New York City sky line was available. Once landing in Jersey City, we boarded a comfortable Baltimore and Ohio pullman which went straight through to Washington. After getting settled, luncheon in the diner was announced. The meal was very tempting, and consisted of chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, string beans, and a pie a la mode for dessert. The rest of the way was spent singing and joking, which quickly passed away the time.

At about 6:00 P.M. we arrived at Union Station in Washington. Everyone was amazed at the vastness and beauty of the station. We were told that President Truman was to arrive from New York soon. All the people were crowded around the gates, pushing one another to get a better view. The most any of us saw of the President was part of his hat and coat. He was guarded very closely and stepped inside a

large, shining black car which went right through the station, along with five or six cars like his.

A waiting motor coach transferred us to the unforgettable Burlington Hotel where we were told with whom we were to room, and then given keys. There were two to six persons in each room or rooms. Suite 425 consisted of three large rooms and a bathroom. The two Arms Academy boys and the four S. A. boys settled there for the next five days. After freshening up some, everyone met in the lobby and went into a spacious dining room. The waiters were colored and very kind. We were served chicken (but Southern-fried) again. At the table everyone decided to go to a show that night. We took taxi cabs from the hotel to the Capitol theatre, where we saw a movie "Carnival in Costa Rica" and a stage show. It was here that the immortal expression "Hiya Roy" originated, 'member kids?

We got out at midnight and immediately took cabs back to the hotel. It seems that Suite 425 was somewhat disturbing to the neighboring rooms, and received several calls from the manager, and our chaperone, Mr. Battey, at about 3:00 A.M. The boys claimed that some other room must have been making the racket—and that shattering scream certainly came from elsewhere. Thus began Mr. Battey's worries, also a new day. . . .

Tuesday, April 22

On 7:00 A.M. sharp we were aroused from deep slumber by the ringing of the phone. It was the hotel operator telling us that it was time to get up. We had a brief breakfast at 8 and left at 8:30. The day was beautiful, the sun made the leaves and grass glow a brilliant green after the rain storm during the night, and the weather was warm. We boarded a waiting motor coach which brought us to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing where we saw the printing of United States money and postage stamps. Thence we were brought to the Pan American Union building, the official home of the South American Republics, and one of Washington's most beautiful buildings. On entering, we saw before us an open air tropical garden composed of hundreds of different plants and several multi-

colored parrots. In the center of the patio, or courtyard, a flowing Aztec fountain arose. After taking pictures of that, we were shown the other parts of the large building. This included the Hall of the Americas, Governing Board Room, and the Gallery of Flags and Heroes. Our next stop was the towering Washington Monument, where the entire city and surrounding country can be seen from the top, which is five hundred and fifty-five feet high! All of us went up by the elevator, which is almost a two-minute ride up, but walked down the nine hundred stairs. Never again! Here the cameras were in full action, and necks stretched. From there the bus brought us to the magnificent White House, the official home of the President. Everyone was greatly impressed by the splendor and beauty of the different colored rooms and dazzling chandeliers. Some of us ran around the gates to take pictures of the front of the building; we got the pictures, along side a scolding from Mr. Battey for holding up the "works." After that we had luncheon at the hotel—oh, brother, did we need it!

After resting ourselves and reloading the cameras for a busy afternoon, we boarded our reserved bus, and now chaperoned by Mrs. Battey. Our driver was called "Gardenia" and was very comical; the acting guide for that afternoon, Gay Concoleman, pulled a couple of "fast ones" on us. He pointed out the embassies, foreign legations, and other famous homes and public buildings. On arriving at the Arlington National Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia, we visited the Curtis Lee Mansion, the Greek-like Memorial Amphitheater, where services are held only three times a year, and the mast of the battleship *Maine* was pointed out. We also visited the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier here and saw how the guard is changed before the tomb. Continuing on through historic Alexandria, Virginia, we visited Mt. Vernon, where we saw the tombs of George and Martha Washington, and the gardens and ancestral homes of our first President. On the return from Mt. Vernon, many historic places in Alexandria were pointed out, such as Christ Church where George Washington's and Robert E. Lee's pews may be seen, the Carlyle House, the home of John

L. Lewis, a Hessian-constructed cobblestone road, and many, many others. In Washington once again, we traveled around the Tidal Basin where the blooming double-Japanese cherry tree blossoms were seen, and also the reflection of the Washington Monument in the Potomac.

On returning to the hotel for a steak dinner with all the trimmings, we were told to be ready that evening for a visit to the Congressional Library. Here we saw the original Declaration of Independence, the original Constitution of the United States, and numerous other historical articles. We were deeply impressed by the outstanding architecture and unique mosaics. Outside, across from the Library, the beautifully illuminated Capitol and brightly colored fountains could be seen. From here we went to the immense National Airport (not included in our schedule) where three planes land every minute. This is where the President's private "Sacred Cow" is kept. We were all quite exhausted by then, and slept heavily that night.

Wednesday, April 23

This pleasant and warm morning was spent at the Smithsonian and New National Museums, where we saw Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis suspended in the air from the ceiling, the first railroad locomotive, the first telephone, all inaugural gowns of Presidents' wives, Theodore Roosevelt's collection of African animals, the flag which inspired Francis Scott Key to write our National Anthem, and other items equally interesting. Later on we walked from the Insitute to the Mellon Gallery of Art, where the world's most famous paintings are found.

After another delicious luncheon at the Burlington, we prepared for a long, but merry, drive to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. "Gardenia" was driver and Gay, guide, and Mr. Battey, chaperone. Here we visited the tomb of John Paul Jones, which is surrounded by a solid gold rope, and then Bancroft Hall. On the parade grounds we witnessed an exhibition drill by 3800 Naval Cadets in full dress. Everyone was amazed at the precision with which they marched. This is where

the camera really got a workout. Huh girls?

That evening almost everyone went to Keith's to see "The Best Years of Our Lives," winner of nine academy awards for the year 1946. After the show several of the students began writing a book entitled "Washington Trip — Best Week of Our Lives."

Thursday, April 24

After a rather late breakfast, we began another interesting day. Like the previous days, the weather was fine, but just a little too hot (80 in the shade). Our waiting bus brought us to the Franciscan Monastery at Mount St. Sepulchre, where we visited replicas of tombs of the Holy Land, the Purgatory Chapel, the winding catacombs, and attended a short mass. The gardens were beautifully plotted. After the service we again boarded our bus, which took us to the Zoological Gardens, where we saw the most complete and world-famous collection of animals. The snake house was the center of attraction for our group.

Following another delicious luncheon at the hotel (hmmm—those fluffy, Southern-made biscuits!), we toured the new Supreme Court building, one of imposing beauty befitting the home of the highest judicial tribunal of the land. From here we walked to the Folger Shakespeare Library, where we saw the most complete collection of material relating to Shakespeare and his writings. The Capitol was the next stop. A guide took us for a complete tour of the spacious building. It is 751 feet long and 350 feet wide and contains 431 rooms. The paintings on the walls and dome were thoroughly explained. Many interesting spots were pointed out, such as the one where John Quincy Adams died, the old Senate, the present House and Senate, and the former Supreme Court room. We observed the Senate while in session, discussing the Greece-Turkey loan bill. The Capitol is classed as one of the most beautiful buildings in the world and the grounds are artistically landscaped. There are trees and shrubs from every land on the grounds. The rest of the afternoon we were free to roam where we wished. Some of the boys went swimming at the Ambassador Hotel, most of the girls went shopping (so they said),

and others went "re-sight-seeing" the famous places, as the Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, Art Gallery, White House, the Capitol, and many others.

That evening, part of the group went by trolley to an amusement park in Maryland, called Glen Echo, and others by taxi cabs. That last night in Washington was not spent sleeping. Everyone was visiting everybody everywhere (wheww). I wonder if the walls of Suite 425 are dried yet? Fortschy was singing "How Dry I Am" and got all the water he ever wants.

Friday, April 25

Friday morning most of us found it hard getting up, but we got off before nine o'clock for the B. & O. train for New York City. Departing from "unforgettable Burlington" was hard for all. Arriving at Union Station we bade Gay farewell and told him to give our regards to Gardenia. We boarded a long pullman and left at 9:20. The ride was not so joyful as the one coming up, since almost everyone was "dog-tired." Outside it was gloomy and drizzly. At 11:30 luncheon on the diner was announced. It was very delicious (heard that word somewhere before?) and riding was smooth. Being livened up by this meal, the sound of singing and laughing voices were heard all the way to Jersey City. On our arrival there, we again boarded buses and were transported across the Hudson, and then brought to the Victoria Hotel in New York City. Times Square was a block or so down.

The rest of the afternoon we attended a performance at Radio City Music Hall Theatre, which is the largest theatre in the world. There we saw the famous Music Hall Rockettes, the Corps de Ballet, and several other stage performances, with music by the Music Hall Symphony Orchestra. The movie was entitled "The Egg And I," starring Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray. After the show we immediately went to the hotel and dined in the exotic "Candlelight Room."

That evening we were provided a guided tour of Rockefeller Center which included a visit to the Observation Roof, which is seventy-seven stories high. An entire view of the city was available and many points

of interest were seen from above. It was almost midnight when we arrived at the hotel. Many spent the rest of the night and early morning meeting other outside-school students. The poor house detective and manager really earned their day's pay that night. Escorting guests to their rooms at three and four o'clock in the morning is no fun, and especially that one from Room 401 to 408.

Saturday, April 26

After quite a bit of difficulty, we arose at the ringing of the phone. It was just the operator telling us it was time to get up. The sun was shining brightly, but still it was very chilly. After getting accustomed to the warm weather of D. C., we were simply freezing here. We took subways from Times Square to Battery Park, where we awaited the arrival of the ferry from the Statue of Liberty. Darn our luck—we just missed the boat by a minute and had to wait for another forty-five minutes, chattering the time away. At 10:45, we finally boarded the ferry which brought us to our destination in ten minutes. Many walked the entire way up to the crown, others took an elevator to the pedestal and

walked the 168 narrow and steep stairs of the statue itself. This seemed nothing to us after walking the 900 steps of the Washington Monument in D. C. Many souvenirs were purchased here and names written in the visitors' register.

We were allowed to go anywhere for the remainder of the day. Almost everyone went shopping in the over-crowded stores. At four P.M. we all met at the hotel for our final departure. We took taxi cabs to Grand Central Terminal and boarded our reserved section of a car. At 5:30 the train left the station and arrived in familiar Northampton before nine. Very tired, but still very happy, we left for Home with an over-packed head—suitcase too—of pleasant memories.

Aftermath

Sunday, April 27

Slept all day.

April 28-June 18

Resumed journey of knowledge with memories of the Washington trip, ever bright.

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Washington Trip Snaps



Informal Snaps



Autographs

* * *

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5 Lucille Szych	11 Helen Michalowski	17 Lucille Szych	22 Pep, Bernie, Benny
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